

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXXVIII

JUNE, 1929

No. 1

Publication office Concord, N. H. Monthly, except August: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at Concord, N. H.

"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

FRIENDLY THOUGHTS FROM HENRY VAN DYKE

WAS it long ago, or was it yesterday, that we prayed for strength to perform a certain duty, to bear a certain burden, to overcome a certain temptation, and received it? Do we dream that the divine force was exhausted in answering that one prayer? No more than the great river is exhausted by turning the wheels of one mill. Put it to the proof again with today's duty, today's burden, today's temptation. Thrust yourself further and deeper into the stream of God's power, and feel it again, as you have felt it before, able to do exceeding abundantly. Remember and trust.

* * *

Where you find a flower, you know there must have been a seed. Where you find a river, you know there must be a spring. Where you see a flame, you know there must be a fire. Where you find a man beloved and blessed of God, you know there must be faith. Whether it is recorded or not, whether you can see it or not, it must be there, germ of his virtue, fountain-head of his goodness, living source of warmth and light; for without faith it is impossible to please God.

* * *

The vision of spiritual power, even as we see it in the imperfect manifestations of human life, is ennobling and uplifting. The rush of courage along the perilous path of duty is finer than the foaming leap of the torrent from the crag. Integrity resisting temptation overtops the mountains in grandeur. Love, giving and blessing without stint, has a beauty and a potency of which the sunlight is but a faint and feeble image. When we see these things they thrill us with joy; they enlarge and enrich our souls.

To those who trust in the Lord and do good, to those who lie down with thoughts of His mercy and truth, it matters not whether they awake in a curtained chamber or in a wild cavern, "the light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing to behold the sun."

* * *

God's altar is in every loyal heart,
And every flame of love that kindles there
Ascends to Him and brightens with His praise.
There is no other God! But evil Powers
Make war against Him in the darkened world;
And many temples have been built to them.

* * *

Every meadow and every woodland is a college, and every city square is full of teachers. Do you know how the stream flows, how the kingfisher poises above it, how the trout swims in it, how the ferns uncurl along its banks? Do you know the structural aspect of man's temples and palaces and bridges, of nature's mountains and trees and flowers? Do you know the tones and accents of human speech, the songs of birds, the voices of the forests and the sea? If not, you need creative culture to make you a sensitive possessor of the beauty of the world.

* * *

By the faith that the flowers show when they
bloom unbidden,
By the calm of the river's flow to a goal that is
hidden,
By the trust of the tree that clings to its deep
foundation,
By the courage of wild birds' wings on the long
migration,
(Wonderful secret of peace that abides in
Nature's breast!)
Teach me how to confide, and live my life, and
rest.

* * *

If you are looking for that which is best in the
men and women with whom you come into

contact; if you are seeking also to give them that which is best in yourself; if you are looking for a friendship which shall help you to know yourself as you are and to fulfil yourself as you ought to be; if you are looking for a love which shall not be a flattering dream and a madness of desire, but a true comradeship and a mutual inspiration to all nobility of living, then you are surely on the ascending path.

* * *

If men would only hear it! Oh, that the deaf ear and the dull heart might be touched and opened to the beautiful speech of the seasons, so that plenty might draw all souls to gratitude, and beauty move all spirits to worship, and every fair landscape, and every overflowing harvest, and every touch of loveliness and grace upon the face of the world, might lift all souls that live and feel from Nature up to Nature's God! This is what He longs for. This is what He means when He tells us, in His impartial sunshine and rain, that He is the Father of all mankind.

* * *

Why should we be disturbed, and harassed, and filled with gloom, at the chances of commerce and the changes of business? Our peace of mind is worth more than all things else, and this we can keep in a log cabin or in a hut of turf. Is not this the lesson which Christ would have us learn from the lilies and the sparrows? God may give us more or less, but so long as we are content, it will always be enough and we cannot want.

* * *

Christ says that it was a Samaritan, a man of property, riding on his own beast and carrying a little spare capital in his pocket, who lifted up the wounded stranger, and gave him oil and wine, and brought him into a place of security, and paid for his support. And to everyone who hears the parable Christ says: "Go thou and do likewise." Here is the open secret of the regeneration of society in the form of a picture. If we want it in the form of a philosophy, we may get it from St. Paul in five words: "Let him that stole, steal no more"—that is *reformation*; "but rather let him labour"—that is *industry*; "working with his hands that which is good"—that is *honesty*; "that he may have"—that is *property*; "to give to him that needeth"—that is *charity*.

* * *

There is a new cry for a Christ who shall fulfill the hopes of all the ages. There is a new love waiting for Him, a new devotion ready to follow His call. Doubt, in its nobler aspect—honest, unwilling, morally earnest doubt—has been a John the Baptist to prepare the way for His coming. The men of today are saying, as certain Greeks said of old, "Sirs, we would see

Jesus." The disciple who can lead the questioning spirits to Him, is the man who has the Gospel for an Age of Doubt.

THE HELPERS

HE that turneth from the road to rescue another,
Turneth toward his goal:
He shall arrive in time by the foot-path of mercy,
God will be his guide.

He that speaketh comfortable words to mourners,
Healeth his own hurt;
In the time of grief they will come to his remembrance,
God will use them for balm.

He that careth for a wounded brother,
Watcheth not alone:
There are three in the darkness together,
And the third is the Lord.

Blessed is the way of the helpers,
The companions of the Christ.

—Henry Van Dyke.

A FIRST LESSON

THE Iliad and the Odyssey . . . were more to the Greeks than any poems we know are to us. They were recited by men trained to recite them, and people listened to them as they would to plays or music today. Often the rhapsodists, as the reciters of Homer were called, performed before twenty thousand people or more.

To some extent, these poems were like our Bible. In the Iliad and the Odyssey, written a little while before the Jews were beginning to set down the Bible, Homer had described how brave and wise men behaved. . . . He had described how courteous men and women treated their friends and the strangers who came to them.

Also he showed, in the way he wrote the poems, how to say things simply, yet with words that clashed like shields or flowed like slow music. His poems seldom waste language. They say directly what they have to say. Yet they manage to say it so well that we cannot forget it. Some poets get started making poetry and make too much of it. Homer rarely did this. He knew when to say little and when to say much. The Greeks saw how fine a thing it was to do this. "Measure (moderation) is best in all things," was their idea of conduct. These are the words Homer had put into the mouth of Menelaus, and if he was not the first to bring this sense of proportion to the Greeks, he was foremost among those who helped them to praise and to practise it. And we today, often dashing about with very little idea of moderation, still pause to listen to

Homer's words, to talk about them and try to follow them.

The Iliad and the Odyssey were written in a metre we call hexameter. Hexa is the Greek word for "six." Every line of this poetry had six groups of words in it.

Though	no more	to come back	with
	news	nor of any	returning
Longing	only	to stay	with the Lotus
	people	forever.	

There was no rhyme, but the poetry of Homer is as beautiful as any we know. It is very musical, yet it can be strong and even harsh. . . . Some idea of Homer's metre, though not of his power and beauty, can be got from English poems like Longfellow's *Evangeline*, or the less known but finer poem by Arthur Hugh Clough, *The Bothie of Tobur na Vuolich*. For the story, there are translations made from the Greek into English, none as good as the original (for translations never are), but worth reading. . . .

The Iliad and the Odyssey are called epics. An epic is a poem about great events in the life of a people. The poets of many countries have written epics, but Homer's are generally acknowledged to be the greatest of all, even though they are the first we know. We still come from reading them full of their spirit of bravery, their wisdom, their beauty.

More than that, we still use Homer. We write stories and poems better because of these first great poetic stories, which have influenced the narrative poetry of the world ever since they were made. Certainly we think and write about the people he made for us. Perhaps Helen never lived until Homer put her into his verse, but ever since he did so poets have written about her, and when we think of beauty in women today we think of Helen of Troy. Within the last few years new books about her have been published.

And every day, when we think or talk, we use Homer. We see a woman who makes people forget about the things they ought to do and attend instead to the things she wants them to do, and we say she is a Circe. We read of a man who takes a long journey in a boat, and we say he is an Odysseus. We hear of a woman who waited years for a husband to come back, and we call her Penelope. Homer still helps us to understand people about us and the lives they live.

This is after three thousand five hundred years. —From *"The Winged Horse: The Story of the Poets and their Poetry,"* by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill.

At a horticultural show, one bloom was described as "blush-colored." There is great rivalry among growers to produce these rare and unique shades.—*London Opinion*.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

FAVORITE RECIPES

Meat Cakes.—Bind a thinly cut strip of bacon around each meat cake, overlapping by one inch, and fasten with small wooden skewers. Bake in a hot oven about 15 minutes, basting twice with the bacon fat. Serve with young beets or carrots.

The meat in a steak pudding will cook more quickly if you cut a small circle from the paste at the bottom of the basin before putting in the meat.

If, when you are mixing a sauce or thickening over the fire, it goes lumpy, don't waste time trying to squash the lumps. Pour the sauce through a strainer right away and get rid of the lumps. No amount of cooking will dissolve them.

Apple Puffs.—One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup granulated sugar, 1 egg, tiny pinch of salt, 3 firm, tart apples, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon. Sift flour with salt and baking powder. Core, peel and chop apples, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon; add to flour and mix to a batter with the egg and milk. Drop by spoonfuls into deep, hot fat; fry until a golden brown. Drain on a sieve set over a pan, in hot oven, with the door open. Serve hot with lemon juice and sugar.

HANDY HINTS

Bleaching a scorched spot. If you scorch a piece of white goods in ironing, immediately rub spot with a cloth dipped in diluted peroxide; run iron over it and it will be white as ever.

A sure cure for fresh ink stains on wash materials. Before washing, pour a tablespoonful of kerosene on the stains and rub well; then rinse in fresh kerosene and the spots will vanish.

White silk stockings should be dried in the dark or they will turn yellow.

After removing tough portion in center of grapefruit and separating pulp, place an after-dinner mint in the center of each half and chill. The mint gives it a delicious flavor.

Add a teaspoon of onion juice to mashed potatoes the next time you serve them and see if you do not like the addition.

Keep goldfish cool. The air in the ordinary living room is too warm for them. When water is too warm goldfish will come to the top of the bowl for air. Then is the time to change water.

If a teaspoon of cold water and a pinch of salt are added to the whites of eggs when making a meringue, it will be light and fluffy.

A sliced banana added to the white of an egg and beaten until stiff makes a delicious filling for a cake pie.

KEEP your temper. Nobody else wants it!

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Stevens, saying that you have sent in. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. I wish to thank all the *Cheerful Letter* friends who have remembered me by sending quilt pieces and books. They all were greatly appreciated. I hope to hear from them again. Mrs. Z. R. Barr, Comet, N. C.

2. Mrs. Lura Darnell, Silas Creek, N. C., has seven children and also cares for her father-in-law, who is a minister 78 years old, and who has been a shut-in thirteen years. The good mother will appreciate some quilt pieces, light reading and something to amuse the children.

3. I am a school girl 16 years old, and would like a correspondent. There are nine of us in the family, but I get lonesome sometimes, as there are no other girls living near. Sara Aycock, R. 2, Box 272, Wadesboro, N. C.

4. I am a widow with two children, and am writing to get a correspondent. I am a member of the church, and it would give me pleasure to write to someone. Mrs. Lula Arthur, Epperson, Tenn.

5. Miss Vergia Spencer, R. 2, Bassett, Va., would enjoy some good novels or magazines. She is a dear lover of books.

6. I am 18 years old and married. My home is thirty-five miles from a railroad, and so I would like to correspond with some of the

Cheerful Letter friends. Quilt pieces and embroidery thread would be nice. Mrs. Elmas O'Neal, R. 1 Box 36, Cleveland, Ark.

7. I have been reading the *Cheerful Letter* magazine some time, but this is my first letter, and I hope it is printed. Being a young married woman with two small children, I get very lonesome staying indoors all the time, and I wish some of the good people would write me. Perhaps they would send some quilt scraps and magazines to pass the lonely hours. Mrs. Fred Gardner, R. 1, Ruby, S. C.

8. Mrs. V. C. Hill, Lawsonville, N. C., hopes she finds a welcome in the *Cheerful Letter* family. Fancy work is of great interest to her, also designs, embroidery thread and quilt pieces would find a ready welcome.

9. I have heard about the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange, and certainly think it a fine way to get acquainted with folks in other states. I enjoy receiving letters, and would like to correspond with some of you folks. I am 18 years old and married, a member of the Baptist church, and my minister's name is Mr. Sam Patton. We live thirty miles from the nearest railroad, and that is one reason that I love to get letters. I also enjoy embroidery or piecing quilts. Mrs. Oma Bryant, Scotland, Ark.

10. Mrs. Roy Coppenger, Tellico Plains,

Tenn., wishes to thank the party who is sending her the *Cheerful Letter* magazine, and also those who remembered her at Christmas time. She loves to read every line of the paper. Even with three small children to care for she gets lonesome, as her husband works in the fields all day. Embroidery thread, quilt pieces and patterns would give her a pleasant change.

11. I have been an invalid for many years, and one of my greatest pleasures is good reading. I would especially like to receive "Miss Billy Married" by Eleanor H. Porter, "Emily Climbs" by L. M. Montgomery, and "Alice in Wonderland" for my little granddaughter. Any good book or magazine would be gratefully received and much appreciated. Mrs. Louise M. Peavey, Box 40, Brooks, Maine.

12. Mrs. E. L. Pratt, Sandy Ridge, N. C., is an invalid, and has not heard a sermon for six years. Possibly someone would send her some of D. L. Moody's or Dr. Talmadge's sermons. The *Christian Herald*, *Pictorial Review*, or any second-hand reading matter, will also help to pass the long, lonely, dark days. Even though Mrs. Pratt cannot answer all letters, she wishes folks would write her just the same.

13. Mrs. Charles Curry, Box 439, Spray, N. C., has not heard from the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange for some time. Letters and books would make her very happy.

14. I am a little girl 9 years old. I have a little brother 4 years old. I wish someone would send us some picture books and cards, or some little story books. I can read some. If any of you have some scraps to spare me I would like to have some for my dolls. Ethel Hall, Box 28, Elamsville, Va.

15. I wish to thank all who have sent me reading material and quilt pieces. I certainly enjoyed them, and hope someone will correspond with me. May the Lord bless you all. Mrs. G. C. Bennett, Dodson, Va. Reference, Rev. J. D. Harbor, Elamsville, Va.

16. Mrs. Bettie Sexton, R. 2, Box 102, Grass Creek, N. C., wishes to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friend who sent her a package. The name was rubbed off, so she could not write. Any kind of cheer will be welcomed.

17. I have been married 19 years and have eight children, 6-17. I would be grateful for any reading matter for all of us, as we live so far from town that the children cannot attend school. Any sewing material would be fine. Mrs. Glennie Holmes, R. 4, Box 198. Reference, Mr. Charlie Smith, R. 4. Dayton, Tenn.

18. I thank you *Cheerful Letter* friends for your magazine. I would appreciate good reading. Miss Georgia Jones, Silas Creek, N. C.

19. Mrs. J. T. Allen, Malakoff, Texas, sends thanks to all her friends for past favors, and would be very thankful for reading for two boys

and one girl. May God bless each one is her earnest wish. Her oldest boy is 17.

20. I wish to thank all the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends for their kindness to me. I hope the folks who remembered me will know how deeply I appreciated it. I could not write each one personally, as some of the packages had no address on them, so I take this way to send thanks. My address has changed from Ansonville to Lilesville, N. C. Mrs. Joe Hill.

21. Many thanks to all who have sent me cheer, and I still hope to be remembered, as you already know I am lame and trying to care for my shut-in mother, aged father and little sister. I was in a car accident, and the only one hurt, and it was necessary to call a doctor. Quilt pieces and reading matter will help pass the lonely hours. Mrs. Sadie L. Colson, R. 2, Box 22, Wadesboro, N. C.

22. I live out in the country and have five children, 3, 5, 8, 10, 12. The boy is 5. Light reading and pieces of cloth for the girls to make doll clothes would be enjoyable. Mrs. Beulah Blevins, Star Route 2, Jefferson, N. C.

23. Mrs. G. Lee Roberson, Elamsville, Va., would like copies of the *Pictorial Review*, *Modern Priscilla*, *Needlecraft* or *Ladies' Home Journal*. A few pieces for quilt and embroidery cotton would be very useful. Mrs. Roberson says: "If it were not for the comfort of the dear members of the *Cheerful Letter* Society it would be very lonely, indeed."

24. It is a long time since I have heard from the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I would be so grateful for some magazines and someone to correspond with. I am married and have four children, ages 14, 12, 4 and 2. Anything for the children would be helpful. Mrs. A. A. Nance, R. 1, Peachland, N. C.

25. I am coming to you for a few words of cheer. I am a sufferer from asthma, and haven't been able to attend school any winter for three years. I get so lonesome that I hope someone will send me some magazines and books, and perhaps some embroidery thread and designs. Some picture books for my sister, aged 8, would make her very happy. We live seven miles from the nearest town, and it doesn't have a public library. I am 17 years old. Sara Lee Elder, R. 1, Athens, Tex.

26. Mrs. Elmer L. Eller, Volney, Va., is a woman of 27 years and has four girls. They live far from church and school, and would be glad of reading matter and quilt pieces. The oldest daughter is 8 years.

27. I would like my name printed in the *Cheerful Letter* magazine, because I would enjoy reading matter and getting letters. I wonder if anyone could send me some unused picture postcards. Hoping to hear soon, Mrs. Lillie Smith, Rex, Ark.

28. Mrs. Morris Thomas, R. 2, Box 47, Polkton, N. C., wishes to thank her *Cheerful Letter* sisters for all their kind remembrances. She would be glad to receive quilt pieces and embroidery thread.

29. I would be glad to get some books, magazines and cards. I am the mother of ten children. Mrs. Martha Greer, R. 2, Marion, Va.

30. Mrs. Carl Sexton, Edison, N. C., wishes her letter printed so the *Cheerful Letter* friends will know how much she has appreciated hearing from so many. Also, how nice it was to receive the books and quilt pieces. She hopes they will remember her again, for she is very lonely.

31. Please print this letter so my *Cheerful Letter* friends will know how much I have missed their letters. I have five children to care for, and any kind of sewing material or cheer would help pass the lonely days. Past kindnesses will always be remembered. Mrs. Susie Law, R. 1, B. 17, Stuart, Va.

32. Esther Shelton, R. 8, Athens, Tenn., formerly of Decatur, Tenn., finds the reading matter and all the nice books very helpful. She appreciates the co-operation we are giving them in their Society. Since her change of address she gets more help and more children. The church is almost completed now.

33. Please print this letter, as I wish the generous friends to know how much I enjoyed everything they have sent me. I would be glad of some crochet or embroidery thread and quilt pieces. I am caring for an invalid, and am very much confined at home. Mrs. John Howell, Silas Creek, N. C.

* * *

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Ada Standridge, from Lamar, Okla., to Fort Gibson, R. 1, Muskogee Co., Okla.

Mrs. J. J. Becker, from 1621 Pine Ave. to 623 15th St., Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Mrs. F. M. Martin is again living in Waxahachie, Texas.

Mrs. Joe Hill, from Ansonville to Lilesville, N. C.

Miss Esther Shelton, from Decatur, Tenn., to R. 8, Athens, Tenn.

* * *

IN MEMORIAM

Rev. William A. Alleyne, 123 Winona Avenue, Highland Park, Mich. Died January 29, 1929.

* * *

SPECIAL REQUEST

If anyone has the sermon, "Melchisedek," by James Freeman Clarke, and is willing to pass it along, please communicate with the Chairman of the Book and Magazine Club.

TRICKS and treachery are the practice of fools that have not wit enough to be honest.—*Franklin.*

ADVENTURE

OVER the next near hill-top,
Or through the garden gates,
Or just around the turn of the road
The great adventure waits.

But when I top the summit,
No marvels greet my eyes;
Only a sun-lit plain in which
No fairy cities rise.

The gates of the wonderful garden
Spring open to my hand,
But within are only common flowers
And weeds and dirt and sand.

The winding trail allures
With a promise of glad surprise,
But it straightens into a dull highway
That mocks my eager eyes.

But beyond the plain is a hill-top;
Beyond the garden, a gate.
There is always another turn of the road
Where the great adventures wait.

And when my ears heed not,
And when my heart is cold
To the call of the road and the gate and the hill,
I shall know that I am old.

THE SINGING TOWER

In a little book, "Two Persons," Edward W. Bok tells the story of his grandfather and grandmother who, a century ago, went to live on a little island in the North sea, five miles from the Dutch coast. For years the lonely, desolate bit of land had been a place for destruction of ships by storm and of plunder of the crews by robbers. The grandfather, then a lawyer in his twenties, was sent by King William to drive off the island pirates. He efficiently fulfilled his commission and then turned his attention to making his new home more attractive. He planted trees after trees, shrubbery and flowers, and as the trees grew and the years went by, the island, instead of being a desolate place to be avoided, became a charming, picturesque isle, to which came some of the foremost artists of the world.

But long before the artists discovered it, the birds of the sea and land found the trees and they gathered there in great numbers. Even a night-ingale and his mate, driven from England by some fierce storm, found a home there and raised a family. The birds were protected and their presence encouraged. It was one of the first, if not the first, bird sanctuaries in the world.

While the young lawyer was remaking his

island, his wife was raising a family of 13 children. It was so happy and congenial a family that a man who subsequently married a daughter of the home said: "It was such a home that once you had been in it you felt you must be of it, and if you couldn't marry one of the daughters you would have been glad to marry the cook."

And as the children grew up and were departing for a career in some distant part of the world, the Dutch mother said to each of them: "As you go out into the world, I want each of you to take with you the spirit of your father's work, and each in your own way and place to do as he has done; make you the world a bit more beautiful and better because you have been in it. That is your mother's message to you."

That was Edward Bok's grandmother. Let him tell you in his own words the rest of the story of his Florida sanctuary, which President Coolidge dedicated recently.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS LATER

AN EPILOGUE

Directly across that part of the peninsula of Florida where Tampa touches the Gulf of Mexico in the west there is a promontory of high land. In the ages ago when what is known now as the land of sunny winters was all water, legend has it that this ridge of high ground was the only projecting land. It formed an almost inaccessible island, and to it came in the later years a tribe of Seminole Indians who attempted to cultivate the ground, a relic of which still stands in an historic seedling orange tree.

In the center of this high ridge, directly midway between the two bodies of water, rises the utmost spot of land: the highest point yet measured in Florida and the highest within 60 miles of the Atlantic ocean or the Gulf of Mexico between the Oranges of New Jersey and the Rio Grande. It rises 324 feet and now forms part of a large private acreage.

From the top of this mount the country sweeps in a gentle decline, and save for the tropical growth of tree and verdure and the cultivated citrus groves, with their delicate aroma of orange-blossom as it is wafted to the summit of the mountain, the New Englander might feel as if he were looking down on his beloved Connecticut valley or over the hills of his granite Vermont. Pine embowered homes lie beneath; the innumerable Floridian lakes dot an otherwise unbroken panorama of pine trees as the eye looks away over 40 or 50 miles of tree-top greenery.

And it happened that to this mount there came one day the grandson of the man of the Netherlands who peopled the island of his home and heart with trees. As that proved a haven of tranquillity for the storm-beaten birds of the North sea, there came to the grandson a vision

that this piece of land, the nearest to the sky in Florida, might also be made a haven of cooling rest for those little citizens of the air, which, migrating twice a year between South America and the West Indies and the climes of the north, spend themselves in their flight and whose weakened little bodies so often meet the search of the observer and lover of birds in the Florida marshes.

And as his mind lingered on the exhaustion of the birds, he thought, too, of the humans who exhaust themselves with the affairs of the world and come to Florida in the winter for rest from the clatter of the cities and the strife of the mart. And then as there burst upon him in the western sky one of those sensationally miraculous sunsets in all its wondrous glory which only the tropics can produce: a ball of the ruby hung in a turquoise sky with a foreground of deepest green from the forest of pine; and as the paler moon rose in the eastern sky and the two orbs greeted each other and filled the valley beneath with a light as of Heaven, there came to his memory those simple lines of dedication written by John Burroughs for a friend's cabin at the foothills of the Catskills: "I come here to find myself: it is so easy to get lost in the world." And in the gentle quietude of the setting sun the mountain became sanctuary for the pent-up humans of the earth and for the tired little singers of the sky.

So it became "The Sanctuary." And the grandson called to the man who loved the land and had laid out the acreage beneath with such skill of vista and loving preservation, and said to him: "Here are these acres on the mountain top already beautified by God's hand. Complete them as you will. No one shall suggest. No one shall hinder or obstruct. Let your talent express itself to the full. Make of it the most beautiful spot on earth where the bird and the human can rest and find themselves."

And there the man who loves the earth and the fruits thereof is reverently supplementing the beauty of the mountain and creating a retreat of repose and beauty as closely as man can come to nature in its own miracles with as little trace of the hand of man: a sanctuary of nature for bird and man where the traffic of the world is not.

And nearly 4,000 miles across the continent and the waters to the old continent in the old village churchyard on the island in the North sea, there rests what remains of him who created a garden of a barren waste. And across the span of nearly 100 years there comes the voice of her children, which has become the heritage of her grandchildren: "Make you the world a little more beautiful or better because you have been in it." A proof that man creates an immortality of the hand and brain as God creates an immortality of the soul. *Boston Herald.*

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

THE POWER OF YOUTH

"MEN who dissipate their physical and mental energies in their youth and are deluded by the belief that there will be plenty of time for the accomplishment of their aims in later life are inviting almost certain failure. Ninety per cent of all great men of history either achieved their greatness or laid the foundations of their achievements in the days of their youth. The belief held and acted upon by so many men that youth is the time for the pursuit of pleasure, and later life the time for achievement, is utterly fallacious. It is impossible to reap in middle or old age what has not been sown in youth. Jesus accomplished the redemption of the race at the age of 33, and the Christian Church was organized by eleven or twelve young men."—*Rev. Dr. James Hardy Bennett, New York City.*

* * *

According to Dr. John L. Elliott, speaking at the Child Welfare League of America Conference, "There never was a teacher of ethics who didn't need more light himself. The best teacher is always trying to learn." In urging that teamwork be put into practice in teaching, he said, "Teamwork can beat a Babe Ruth." Dr. Elliott asserted that, "The chief difference between the older generation and the new is in vocabulary. There's a difference between a moral vocabulary and a good life."

Young people hate the word "duty," but they perform it just the same. A pupil of Dr. Elliott, when asked if she would go to a dance or somewhere with her mother, if she wished her to, replied, "Oh, hell, I'll go with Mother." Dr. Elliott says, "It is the kind of response we get out of people that counts, not . . . vocabularies." So, we may comfort ourselves, and not allow new ways of speaking picked up by our children to disturb us too much.

* * *

"FREEDOM" IN DRESS ADVOCATED

Short skirts and low necks aid the health of women in permitting the entrance to the body of ultra-violet sun rays, so Dr. R. Kendrik Smith, of Boston, told those attending the convention of the Eastern Osteopathic Association recently held in New York City. "Freedom of dress is indication of a general, healthy freedom of body, spirit and mind. How could a woman stand as she ought to stand with a great weight of useless clothing hanging from her? How could she walk as God meant her to walk, with a hobbling, crippling impediment of dry goods dragging at her feet and ankles? If a woman is wearing an abbreviated skirt and a sleeveless gown with low neck, she is normally and sensibly dressed, for

the more she exposes herself to the ultra-violet rays of the sun the better will be her health."

* * *

It has been found that nurses serving on night duty suffer from the loss of sun rays, as their only free time for exercise is in the very early morning or evening, when they derive little or no benefit from the sun. In city hospitals this is being overcome by giving them artificial sun baths in their free hours.

* * *

Window glass which admits the ultra-violet sunshine rays may be secured at a reasonable figure—about the same amount as that asked for plate glass—writes Dr. William Brady in the *Washington Evening Star*, and every family able to own an automobile can afford at least one sunny window supplied with the new glass in their home. He says those who cannot do so may substitute cellophane, procurable from a hardware dealer. Inserted between two strips of inch mesh chicken wire, this makes a window that will withstand the weather for a year. According to Dr. Brady, such a window will cost less than a bottle of cough medicine.

In midsummer these rays are increased and are at their lowest amount in midwinter, and also there are periods when there is no light from the sun, so that it is not strange that winter and early spring are the times when there are most likely to be epidemics of colds, and all respiratory diseases. The tendency, too, is to remain indoors because of the weather, so that vitality is greatly lessened at this time of the year. As proof that this is so, he cites the cure of tuberculous children by living outdoors with little or no clothes on, in coldest Swiss air, at high altitudes, regardless of snow and low temperature. In proportion to the tan acquired on their bodies, they absorb the violet-rays.

* * *

We have been informed that rayon is desirable as wearing apparel, due to the fact that the rays pass through without being broken up, and the skin covered with it is benefited as though it were bare.

* * *

THE DEADLY POCKET AND HANDBAG
BREEDING PLACES FOR DISEASE

"The pocket and the pocket handkerchief are carriers of infection and contagion. . . . The pocket is the teeming cesspool of bacteria, and as we must look for the sources of diseases before we are able to check or abort . . . communicable afflictions, this receptacle should be considered Take the "common cold," simulating influenza and the true influenza or "la grippe"; both require the use of handkerchiefs that may be burned or sterilized by boiling. But before either of these procedures are accomplished, the

soiled handkerchief, many times used, is returned to the infected pocket.

"Clean rags or kerchiefs are placed in the same infected pocket or handbag before use, hence the hands continue to be contaminated and are carriers to doorknobs, strap loops in cars or subway trains, in fact many things generally handled that communicate disease to others.

"Fresh air and sunshine are advocated by our Departments of Health as very important remedial agents, but why should we maintain an incubator like the pocket and handbag, where warmth, moisture and darkness make ideal breeding places? How many persons ever iron the pocket with a hot iron, or disinfect the handbag?—*H. Taylor Cronk, M.D., in the New York Times.*

* * *

With reference to the above excellent suggestions, we would state that it is our custom to wipe out bags with alcohol-soaked rag, and let them air and dry in the sunlight. We call attention also to the evil practice of placing a used handkerchief under the pillow at night, spreading infection to the case and sheet, and so causing a return of trouble that has been apparently mastered. There is surely no necessity to refer to the indiscreet custom of using the handkerchief of an adult for a child, or taking a drink from a cup previously used by another, without washing. For the table, paper napkins are preferable to soiled cloth ones, and children should be taught, as young as possible to keep the hands away from the face at all times and to wash them frequently, especially before eating. Care should be taken, however, not to carry cleanliness to such an extreme as to implant *fear of germs* in the minds of children, to cause serious trouble later in their lives.

LAURA R. DONNELL.

A FIRST VIEW OF MADEIRA

AN hour later we saw Fora and its light at the extreme east of Madeira, and could soon distinguish the mountains in the centre of the latter island. As we rapidly approached the land, the beauty of the scenery became more fully apparent. A mass of dark purple volcanic rocks, clothed on top with the richest vegetation, with patches of all sorts of color on their sides, rises boldly from the sea. There are several small detached rocks and one curious pointed little island, with an arch right through the middle of it, rather like the Percée Rock on the coast of Nova Scotia. We steamed slowly along the east coast, passing many pretty hamlets, nestled in bays or perched on the side of the hills, and observing how every possible nook and corner seemed to be terraced and cultivated. Sugar canes, Indian corn, vines, and many varieties of tropical and semi-

tropical plants, grow luxuriantly in this lovely climate. Nearly all the cottages on the island are inhabited by a simple people, many of whom have never left their native villages, even to look at the magnificent view from the top of the surrounding mountains or to gaze on the sea by which they are encompassed. . . .

At the water's edge a curious sort of double sleigh, drawn by two oxen, was waiting. Into this we stepped, setting off with considerable rapidity up the steep shingly beach, under a beautiful row of trees, to the "Praça," where the greater portion of the population were walking up and down, or sitting under the shade of the magnolias. These plants here attain the size of forest trees, and their large white wax-like flowers shed a most delightful fragrance on the evening air. There were graceful pepper vines, too, and a great variety of trees only known to us in England in the form of small shrubs. This being a festival day, the streets were crowded with people from town and country in their holiday attire. The door-posts and balconies of the houses were wreathed with flowers, the designs in many cases being very pretty. One arcade in particular was quite lovely, with arches made of double red geraniums, mixed with the feathery-looking pepper leaves, while the uprights were covered with amaryllis and white arum lilies. The streets were strewn with roses and branches of myrtle, which . . . emitted a delicious aromatic odor.

The trellises in the gardens seem overgrown with stephanotis, mauve and purple passion-flowers, and all kinds of rare creepers; the purple and white hibiscus shoots up some fourteen to sixteen feet in height; bananas, full of fruit and flower, strelitzias, heliotrope, geraniums, and pelargoniums bloom all around on large shrubs, mixed with palms and mimosas of every variety; and the whole formed such an enchanting picture that we were loath to tear ourselves away.—*From "A Voyage in the Sunbeam," by Mrs. Braddon (1879).*

HE NEVER FOUND THE TIME

HE never found the time to spare

To make her flower bed:

Another spring he "wouldn't be so rushed,"

He always said.

With him afield all day, I guess

She passed some lonesome hours;

She "wouldn't mind so much," she told me once,

If she had flowers.

The house is simply stacked with flowers,

They are everywhere—

But she lies smiling there, all by herself,

And does not care!

—*Selected.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE RAINBOW

"Oh dear! Oh dear!! Oh dear!!!" wailed Peggy Hayes, raising her voice a little higher at each "dear," until it was really pathetic. "Here it's raining on Daddy's one holiday, and we can't have our picnic!"

"And, Isabel," she said sharply, turning to her doll, "you're not a bit kind to just sit there and smile; you might look a wee bit disappointed when you've known all along how much I wanted it to be fine!" Peggy seized the hapless Isabel and gave her an impatient shake, after which she set her down very hard again on her wooden chair.

But even that did not disturb the placid smiler, who still stared before her with wide-open blue eyes, for Isabel really hadn't been made to look disappointed. Peggy soon remembered it was not the doll's fault and kissed her to make up. But she still sighed rather dismally as she finished dressing, and walked very soberly downstairs instead of running.

Mummy and Dad were quite sympathetic, as all three had looked forward to a fine day out of doors right in the country. However, the grown-ups knew that what looks like disappointment may often be turned into pleasantness and Daddy said brightly, "Well, Pegs! What happens if sunshine and rain come about together?"

"A rainbow, Daddy," replied Peggy mournfully, "but there isn't any sunshine, you see."

"That's just why we're going to make some; Mother and you and I will start a 'Rainbow Club.' It's just the right sort of weather, and Isabel shall join, too. I believe she'll be a most active member. We'll have any number you like in our club and the work will be the same for everybody."

"What nice ideas you do have, Daddy. But do say what the work is," said Peggy, a broad smile coming over her face.

"You're beginning it already," he answered, "and your mother started long ago."

"I see, I see!" said Peggy. "It is so nice and important, it'll make it much easier. Rainbow is a lovely name for a club."

"Now," said Daddy, "if you and Isabel care to start straight off by helping me make rainbows up in the attic, where I want to sort out all sorts of things, you may."

"That's just what we should like to do," said Peggy. "And after that, Isabel, you were right to keep smiling." It was a rare treat to help turn out old treasures in the garret with Daddy to tell about them, and off they went hand in hand, while Mummy said how glad she would be to quietly write a few long-waiting letters.

What a pleasant morning it was while the rain

pattered hard on the roof and Isabel, who had been laid on the floor, peacefully took forty winks.

Toward midday there was a great bustle downstairs—shouts and laughter, much barking from Jock the terrier, then eager calls up to the attic. Isabel was ruthlessly waked and clutched by one arm, for there was no time to be particular, and they were at the foot of the stairs in no time.

There stood the most kindly-looking man you can imagine, holding out his arms. Peggy jumped into them, Isabel and all, for it was just her own Uncle John whom she loved dearly and had not seen for more than a year. He had but a few hours to stay with them now, he said, and had quite unexpectedly found his work would bring him into their town.

What a good time they had and how forgotten was the rain until Peggy suddenly said: "Oh, Uncle! How glad I am it is a wet day, else we should have been miles away! It's a real rainbow holiday after all as Daddy said, and I'll be as pleased as Isabel next time it rains. And there comes the sun after all, and just see! There really is a rainbow to make it quite perfect!"

And so there really was, and then it cleared up altogether, and they all went with Uncle John to the station—Isabel not being forgotten.

Peggy found quite a number of friends who thought it would be great fun to join the Rainbow Club. They tried very loyally always to be active members, but Isabel, you can imagine, never forgot to smile.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

CONTRASTS

THE people whom I love the best
Are never here, but East or West;
And those from whom I'd run away,—
I always see them every day.

The things I love to talk about,—
My heart will seldom let them out:
For folk I see prefer to hear
About the weathers of the year.

But oh, the places I would find!
The people that I'd leave behind,
While just the few that went with me
Related to my heart should be.

—*Edith Ives Woodworth*.

A SCOTCHMAN and his wife recently won a dance marathon without knowing they were in it until it was over. They thought it was a regular dance and didn't want to leave the floor until the music stopped and the lights started to go out.
—*Judge*.

GOD MADE A GARDEN

BY KATHARINE ATHERTON GRIMES

God made a garden to rest His eyes
After the spaces of earth and skies;
God made a garden to rest His heart,
Where He might walk sometimes apart.

God made a garden because He saw
Life was good by a garden's law;
Flowers for love, and fruitful trees—
Soul and body may grow with these.

God made a garden because He knew
There must be work for His sons to do;
Berries to gather keep mischief out,
And a swinging vine is no place for doubt.

God made a garden just to find
Another way to be loving-kind;
And the things we see in the garden-row
Are the words He has written to tell us so.
—From "A Calendar of Country Song,"
Southern Agriculturist, Nashville, Tenn.

AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION

SINCE the institution of the Constitution of the United States, there have been 18,000 proposals entered in Congress to amend it. During this period of its history, 19 amendments have been approved and are a part of the basic law of the land.

In the last 38 years there have been 150 proposed revisions offered. Many of these were duplications, but they covered a wide range of subjects, from plans to limit the hours of work in factories to changing the very name of the United States of America to the United States of the World and abolishing the Senate. This last suggestion originated in the House.

Of the 19 amendments adopted, only 4 were approved since 1889. The other 15 were enacted in the 102 years previous. There are a number of proposals to amend the Constitution now pending in Congress, only one of which, however, is being seriously considered. This is the Norris Amendment offered by George W. Norris (R.), Senator from Nebraska. It has been approved by the Senate several times, only to be pigeonholed in the House, where floor leaders decline to give it support. It is even now pending before the House, with no likelihood that it will be given consideration.

This amendment would change the time of meeting of Congress, do away with the present "short" session of Congress and fix a new date for the inauguration of the President and Vice-President.

The only time there was quick action obtained on amendments to the Constitution was on the

first ten, known jointly as "The Bill of Rights." These pronouncements of fundamental law were offered soon after the ratification of the Constitution itself, and with only a small number of states comprising the Union at the time, were quickly acted upon.

After the adoption of these amendments only two others were enacted prior to the Civil War. Out of the war came the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. Since that time the other four were added as follows: Authorizing Congress to levy an income tax, providing for the direct election of United States senators, providing for national prohibition, and finally providing for woman suffrage.

The first amendment proposing prohibition was offered in Congress in 1876. Up to 1896 there were other such amendments offered, but from that year until 1908 there was no effort in Congress to institute such a provision in the Constitution. After 1912, however, many resolutions were offered and continued to be so until the matter was submitted to the states in 1919.

The proposal for a constitutional amendment for women suffrage also ran a long course before it finally became part of the basic law. Mr. Blair of New Hampshire, who sponsored the first prohibition amendment, was also the first to offer a revision granting women the right to vote.

The third-term issue has also been a subject for proposed amendments. There have been many proposals calling for limitations on presidential terms, most of them providing for one term of seven years.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

STRONGER MEN

O do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come to you by the grace of God.—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE men whom I have seen succeed have always been cheerful and hopeful, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men—*Charles Kingsley.*

"COULD you spare a few cents to a fellow who hasn't a cent in the world?"

"Certainly," replied the dear old lady. "Have you change for a quarter?"

MEN are seldom underrated; the mercury in a man finds its true level in the eyes or the world just as certainly as it does in the glass or a thermometer.—*Josh Billings.*

THE WATER-POWER MAN

We wish the author's name were given to this verse, which is taken from the *Bulletin* of the Pacific Power and Light Company.

SOMETIMES I sit and wonder, discontent,
About the little place I fill in this great scheme of things—

An operator,—nursemaid to a water wheel—
Answering telephones,—writing logs,
And ever list'ning to the endless roar
The generators make.

When I was young—Oh! well, you know how
youngsters dream—

I was a mighty engineer; I'd build a bridge three
miles across;

A project which would rival Muscle Shoals;

A railroad vast with no beginning and no end.

And now,—it's time to read the meters once again

And write the log.

But sometimes when my shift is done

I climb the hill up by the dam

And look across the country that I've learned to
love

As God's own land,

And see a myriad specks of light—

Each light a home,—each light kept burning

By my noisy wheels.

And then I understand, and almost feel content

To know I guard the light,—I help to make these
homes.

Of course I know they never think of me,

But if they did I know a thousand mothers'
lips

Would frame a prayer,—“God bless the men
who guard the light.”

At such a time I do not wonder, discontent,

About the little place I fill in this great scheme of
things.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster St., Cambridge, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. Two hundred and thirty-nine are now on our lists.

5. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.